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THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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1809 THE CENTENARY of ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BIRTH 1909

Many Years Devoted to Assembling Mementos of the Great Emancipator

To the indefatigable enthusiasm of Mr. Osborn H. Oldroyd, of this city, is due the assembling of the wonderful collection of the relics of Abraham Lincoln forming the Lincoln Museum. Years were spent in assembling all these mementos of the great emancipator brought from different sections of the country and placed in the old Peterson home, where he passed away. It is from this collection that many of the illustrations for THE WASHINGTON HERALD'S Lincoln Centenary Edition were procured, and it was from the same source that the remarkable photographs here presented came.

There is, it is said, no photograph extant showing the President as he was previous to 1858. Whether or not he sat for his portrait before that time is not known. Several artists have depicted fanciful pictures of him at various stages of his youth, and this was not difficult to do, for his features retained their strong markings for many years. His was the face of the early pioneers, the gaunt and rugged men who hewed their way through the primeval forests and turned the first furrows in the virgin prairies of the West. With the great responsibilities of his office the lines deepened in his face and there came to his eyes that look of sadness which reflected only too well the elemental grief which tore his heart during the Gethsemane period of his career.

It was not until after the election of 1860 that Mr. Lincoln wore a beard, and the reason for his leaving it then is characteristic of the man. A little girl, Grace Bedell, of Westfield, N. Y., saw his portrait during the campaign, and said to her mother: "I think Mr. Lincoln would look better if he wore whiskers." Her father being a Republican, she wrote to the candidate her suggestion concerning the improvement in his looks, ending by saying:

"If you have no time to answer my letter, will you allow your little girl to reply for you?"

Lincoln was pleased with the letter and answered it at once, as follows:

"Springfield, Ill., October 19, 1860.

"Miss Grace Bedell.

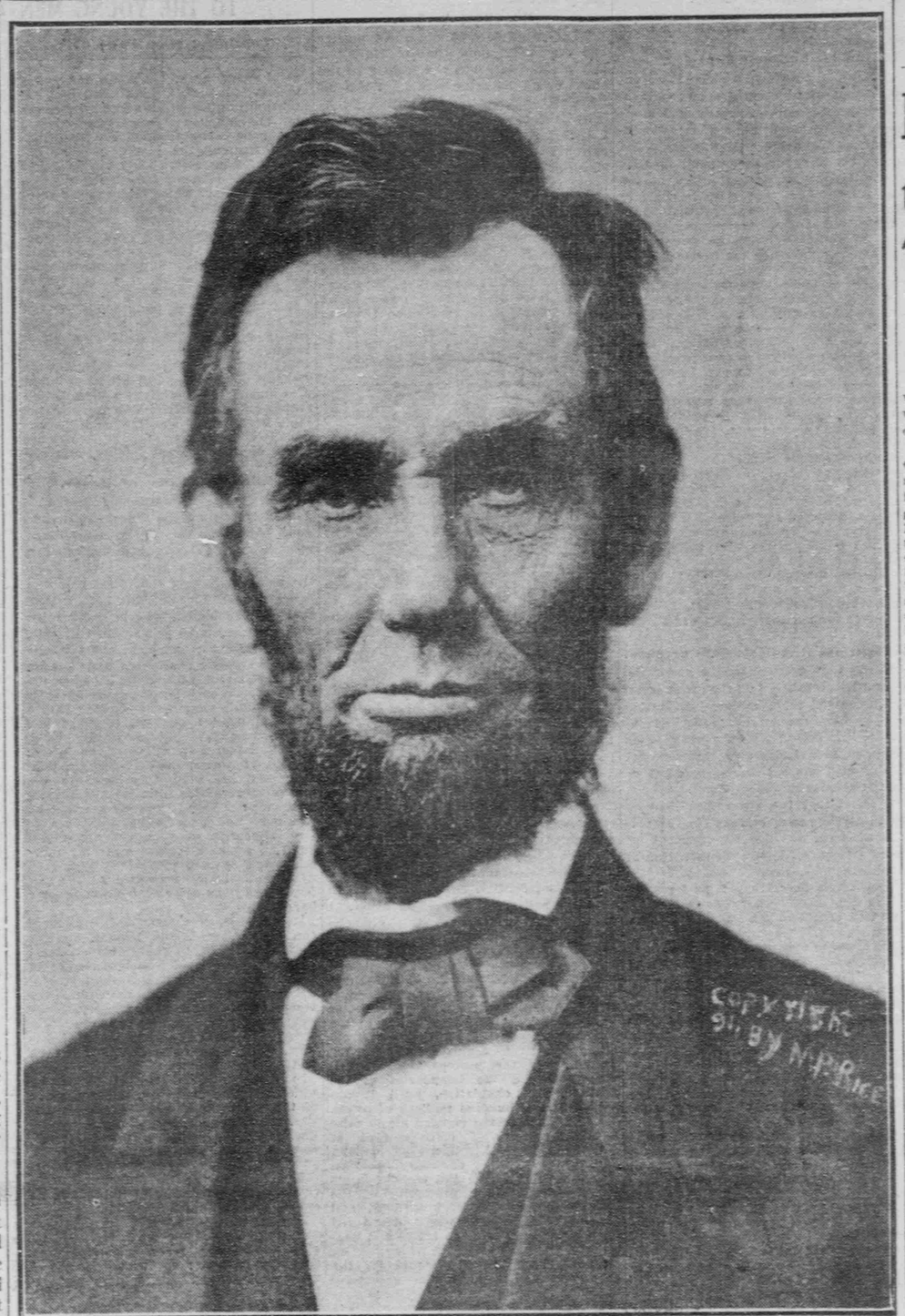
"My dear little Miss: Your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons; one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I should begin now? Your very sincere well-wisher,

A. LINCOLN."

Col. A. K. McClure, in his recollections of Lincoln, says: "When on the journey to Washington to be inaugurated, the train stopped at Westfield. He spoke to ex-Lieut. Gov. Patterson, who accompanied the Presidential party, about his little correspondent in that place. Some one called out and asked if Grace Bedell was in the crowd that surged around the train. A way was opened and Grace came, timidly but gladly, to speak to the President-elect, who let her see that he had grown a beard at her request. Then, reaching his long arms, he lifted the little girl up and kissed her, amid enthusiastic applause from the approving multitude.

From that time on he was never without the beard which, some think, helped to accentuate the marked ruggedness of his face. Once, before his election, when he had had his picture taken in Chicago, the newsboys obtained a number of copies to sell on the street, and Lincoln used to tell with glee how they ran about crying: "Here's your picture of Abe Lincoln! He'll look better when his hair is combed!"

Lincoln's good nature in sitting to photographers and artists was unending. It was in no wise founded upon vanity, but arose from the knowledge that there was a widespread and sincere demand for his counterfeit presentment.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From an original untouched negative made in 1864, at the time he commissioned U. S. Grant Lieutenant General of the United States Army.

When Western Politics Were Young and Virile.

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On a certain afternoon in August, in the year 1832, a public sale was in progress in Pappsville, a little village in Sangamon County, Ill., eleven miles west of Springfield. The crowd stood or lounged about a rude stand and paid listless attention to the auctioneer, who without hat or coat, red of face and perspiring—for the afternoon was hot as only an August afternoon in Central Illinois knows how to be—bawled and shouted and cursed, and so, one by one, sold the poor implements of the farmer who had given up the struggle. The crowd was not interested, though it accepted the auction as it would have accepted anything that broke the monotony of an existence as dull as that of Pappsville.

The auctioneer stood in the midst of wagons, plows, harrows, and the rusted implements of the farm and barnyard; near him was a pile of household furniture—an old bed and splint bottom chairs, broken and altogether demoralized, and of stained bed-ticking, from which now and then feathers exuded and fell in the heavy, sultry air. Not far off stood a cow, and an old horse, and a hog—all dejected and sorry as everything else pertaining to the dismantled establishment.

The crown nearly filled the square, if the space that lay open among the few log cabins could be called a square, and from one side it continually fed a stream of men that straggled off to the grocery, where, of course, liquor was sold. The presence of the rude stand and the inattention of the crowd indicated that the sale was but the prelude to another and more interesting performance to the disappointment of the man who was selling out, who would have preferred that the disposal of his goods and chattels absorb the interest of the gathering.

At the edge of the crowd, under the shade of a tree, where several men were sprawled, a curious figure was to be seen, squatting on the ground. The face of the man was dark and swarthy, and, though certainly young, already wrinkled. From the broad straw hat that sat back on his head, a shock of black hair protruded, and as he squatted there on lean haunches, the bobtails of his jeans coat scarcely reached the heels of his huge pot metal boots.

Spoke but Little.

His trousers, of flax and tow linen, were so short that they exposed his shins, and the hands that protruded from his short coatsleeves were large and sinewy, hands used to work, evidently, showing long, thin wrists when he lazily stretched them forth to pick up some straw from the ground. He spoke little; and he did not smile, though now and then, at some remark he made, the other men sprawling near, laughed aloud. Sometimes one of these others rose, stretched, yawned boorishly, and, indicating the little grocery, spoke to the young man, but he shook his head.

The auction was nearly over, and there were signs of growing restlessness in the crowd. Several of the young men, some of whom wore the buckskin shirt of the pioneer days, and carried knives in their belts, began to shove one another and to engage in rough sport; their oaths and their laughter rang out, taking on a tone that was not all mirth; and as men returned from the grocery these sounds grew more sinister, and a distant note of ugliness was manifest in them. Finally, the auctioneer concluded, another man mounted the platform, and, requesting the "gentlemen" to "come to order," began to speak. The crowd for a moment was silent and gave attention, and the hot, perspiring faces that were turned up to the speaker showed the interest that political discussions always awake in Americans. But, though the man spoke loudly and more loud, and though he waved his arms, and shouted, the crowd for some reason lost interest; the horse play was revived among the younger men, and soon it was evident that they were provoking a fight. In a moment there were oaths and hideous noise of fisticuffs, and the political meeting was likely to be dissolved in a general fight.

Then the young man who had been squatting on his haunches under the tree slowly and awkwardly rose, slowly drew himself up to his full height, revealing a sinewy figure that towered four inches above the six-footers in the crowd. He strode forward, his swarthy face growing sterner with each long stride he took, and flung himself into the mass of fighting and scuffling men. He stretched out a long arm, parted the group, and when one of the men resisted seized him by neck and trousers and with prodigious strength literally flung him out of the crowd. Then there went up a loud laugh of applause and he pushed his way to the platform, mounted it, and, standing there above them all, flung aside his straw hat, threw back his head, and with little gray eyes flashing looked out over the crowd. And suddenly, none knew why, all was still.

Then the young man spoke:

He Asks Their Votes.

"Fellow citizens: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same."

Such, according to the chronicles, was the entrance of Abraham Lincoln upon the field of American politics. He was just home from the Black Hawk war, had been in Sangamon long enough to fight his way to leadership in New Salem among the Clary's Grove boys, and his stories, his kindliness, and the mysterious charm of his personality had already made him popular. It was personal ambition that led him into politics, rather than any devotion to principle. That phase was to come later, dividing his political career into two distinct epochs. Illinois was strongly Democratic; that was the year in which Andrew Jackson was elected President.

Yet Lincoln was not a Democrat. If he was not a Whig, he was, as Dennis Hanks put it, "Whiggish." Lamon regards him as having been at that time a "nominal" as distinguished from a "whole hog" Jackson man. He was an admirer of Henry Clay; indeed, he had been fascinated by the romantic figure of that dashing "Harry of the West" back of old Gentryville days, and to one of his political principles, that of the gradual, compensated emancipation of the slaves, he clung with unwearied, almost infatuated, devotion his whole life long.

On Local Issues.

In this first short campaign, then, he ran on local issues, like the navigation of the Sangamon, and internal improvements, and he went about talking, telling stories, cradling in the harvest fields, wrestling and fighting until election day, when he was defeated—"the only time," as he said in his "autobiography," "that I have ever been beaten by the people." But out of the 400 votes cast in New Salem, his own precinct, he received 327, and he went to work on history and law, and, with Mentor Graham, the village schoolmaster, English grammar, and with poor Jack Kelso, poetry. Next he is postmaster, carrying the mail in his hat and reading the newspapers before he delivered them.; then deputy county surveyor, under John Calhoun, and in 1834, running for the legislature again. Row Herndon, at his home near Island Grove, one day introduced him to the men in the harvest field, and he offered to "make a hand," then seizing a cradle, he swung it easily around the fied, leading all the rest. But when Row Herndon introduced him to Dr. Barnett at Berlin the day after Barnett said:

"Can't the party raise any better material than that?"

The next day, however, Barnett heard him speak, and then he affirmed, "Why, sir, he's a perfect take-in; he knows more than all of them put together!"

He was elected, and Coleman Smoot lent him the money to buy decent clothes for Vandalia. They all believed in him. He had been reading Voltaire and Payne, and Gibson, and about the stoves in the stores he was forsemost in the arguments; he was a free thinker, and he wrote a monograph on "Deism." He did not just then have as much political sense as was developed later, when no man could have had more; but he had a friend, Samuel Hill, who realized the political effect of such a document and he snatched the essay from Lincoln's hand and burned it."

Learns Much at Vandalia.

At Vandalia he learned much in the old colonial courthouse which served for Statehouse too; and he learned more than in any other way, perhaps, by studying the men who were there, from old Gov. Duncan down to the latest arrival, a slim youth lately come from Vermont with 37 cents in his pocket, already a lawyer and candidate for State's attorney. When Lincoln saw this slim, ambitious youth, he laughed and pronounced him to be "the least man I ever saw," an estimate he was led later to revise when the long dramatic rivalry of twenty-eight years taught him to take better measure of Stephen A. Douglas.

The campaign of 1836 gave the "Long Nine" to Illinois. They traveled on horseback, and when the tall cavaliers thus took to the road it must have been as Lamon says, "A goodly sight to see." They held meetings in groves, and these meetings were not infrequently interrupted by fights; they had "whisky sweeten with honey," pistols and knives were drawn now and then.

Across from the Statehouse at Springfield, in Capitol avenue, a little old-fashioned white frame house used to stand, where the new Supreme Court building stands to-day. In 1836 that house was the residence of George Forquer, and noted, not only as the finest house in town, but for the fact that it possessed the only lightning rod that Lincoln or Springfield had ever seen. Forquer, who had been a Whig, had, shortly before that campaign, changed his politics and become a Democrat, and almost simultaneously with this change he received appointment as register of the land office, with a salary of $3,000 a year. At a meeting held near Forquer's house, Lincoln spoke, and then Forquer arose, and in a superior and offensive manner, said that he "would have to take the young man down," though he was sorry that the task devolved on him. Lincoln stood by with folded arms, and when Forquer had done he mounted the platform again and this is what he said:

His Reply to Forquer.

"Mr. Forquer commenced his speech by announcing that the young man would have to be taken down. It is for you, fellow-citizens, not for me to say whether I am up or down. The gentleman has seen fit to allude to my being a young man; but he forgets that I am older in years than I am in the tricks and trades of politicians. I desire to live, and I desire place and distinction, but I would rather die now than, like the gentleman, live to see the day that I would change my politics for an office worth $3,000 a year and then feel compelled to erect a lightning rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

The "Long Nine" from Sangamon—each over six feet tall—dominated that legislature, with Lincoln as their acknowledged leader. The scheme of public improvements dazzled everybody; railroads were to be built and canals dug, connecting the principal towns of Illinois, all to be paid for from the proceeds of the sale of the public lands, "without borrowing money and paying the interest on it," just as Lincoln had said. Lincoln was so enthusiastic that he told his friend, Joshua Speed, that he expected to become "the De Witt Clinton of Illinois." And, already a veritable master of men, with his marvelous understanding of human nature and a greater knowledge of the tricks and trades of politicians than he had admitted in his reply to Forquer—he led the charge; they put the scheme through and authorized a loan of $12,000,000. This logrolling and all the scheming of the legislative game were to Lincoln wholly congenial, and as a result he and his Long Nine had the State capital removed to Springfield.

And yet, if in this he differed from other politicians only in superiority of skill, an incident occurred that gave the keynote to his whole career, the clew to his failures and then to his supreme triumph in politics.

Abolition Begins in Illinois.

The abolitionists were just then beginning to agitate Illinois and, like the pioneers in any reform, they were hated, feared, ridiculed. The legislature adopted resolutions "highly disapproving" of the

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And now, when final success is obtained, which appears assured, I think the great object then to be first accomplished and to have in view, should be to bring back and restore the relationship of the several Southern States to the Union and to their original and former standing. This may be done in a spirit of conciliation, friendship, and forbearance which should characterize a generous and forgiving people.—Interview with Charles Maltby, December, 1864.

In regard to the Great Book, I have only to say that it is the best gift which God has given man. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated to us through this book. But for this book we could not know right from wrong. All those things to man are contained in it.—Receiving a Bible from colored people of Baltimore, October, 1864.

Lincoln as an Example to the Young Men of This Great Republic.

By SENATOR BEVERIDGE.

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When a man child is born into the world this should be the prayer of all who hope well for him: May he be honorable, industrious and brave.

Personally, I believe in prayer. However you work it out, whatever the reasons may be, the fact remains that tangible and definite results follow intelligent prayer. But prayer is not enough. Neither is counsel and advice. Of course, this is a bromidic commonplace, so ancient that it is tiresome, but I must state it to complete the point I am making. The ordinary human mind is so constructed that there must be the influence of example. There are few of us who can break a new path; we require some stronger one to blaze the trail for us. We see the advantage of wise counsel, but that counsel needs to be vitalized by the knowledge that some fellow human being has actually lived it and that in his living it he has proved its fruitfulness for power and success. And so it is that Lincoln's life is a practical help to young men.

I suppose that no one any longer questions the fact that the fires of ambition, which grew into a holocaust of concurring purpose, were lit in the breast of Bonaparte by "Plutarch's Lives." It is said that he pored over them so many times that he almost knew them by heart. And no man can know how many tongues have been set to music that thrilled and commanded great public audiences, legislative bodies, and finally the nations themselves by young men having read the old Greek's fascinating brochures on Cicero and Demosthenes.

Becomes a Type.

The truth is that every young man who has the stuff in him is searching out the lives of men who have achieved things throughout all history and is determining to do the like. "For," says the worthwhile young man to himself, "what any man has done I can do," and when the young man says that he says rightly and has taken the first step to prove it. So Abraham Lincoln becomes to us as much of a type and a model as Cæsar and Alexander were to Napoleon—a new type and a better model.

This is a nation of plain people—that is what Lincoln called us. He said "God must have liked the plain people; he made so many of them." Much of the vitality of this republic—all of it, perhaps—is due to the fact that up to the present time we are still near the soil and our strong men come from the grass roots. While Lincoln's life cannot be an inspiration to young men unhappily born among the idle rich and the so-called better class of our country, except in a vague, dilettante and theoretical way, his life is a perfect mold into which the young men of the plain people can pour and run their forming characters and become Lincolnesque. And that means to become honorable, industrious and brave—practical idealists, the achievers of visions, the workers out of dreams.

I find that most young men who are beginning to do things in literature, politics or business first saw the light of day in humble homes—they came up through hard conditions to the power which they now wield, and I am sure that there are a million young men on farms, in villages and among the working classes of our citizens burning with an unexpressed determination to make their lives count for something big, something sweet and helpful and satisfying. It is to such young men as this that Lincoln's life is a personal message—a divine word of guidance spoken by the mouth of God himself through the deeds and character of this mighty and beloved American.

He Knew Poverty.

For Lincoln, too, was in like case with these young men of whom I am now speaking—yes, and far worse cases. He, too, knew poverty, its bitterness, its disadvantages, its cruel hardships; and yet this poverty of which you, young man, are complaining, Lincoln turned into the gold of advantage by the alchemy of steady determination and the elemental virtues. Lincoln, too, like you, young man, had little opportunity for education—far less, indeed, than the poorest circumstances of any of you; and yet by sheer intelligence persistently applied made his lack of schooling the foundation for a real and effective learning. He, like you, young man, had no chance to acquire that polish which is supposed to come from the mingling with so-called cultured people; and yet he was wise enough to see that this polish and culture so prized by those who do not go deeply into human strength in more cases than it improves conduct. Ingersoll said a great half truth when he declared that colleges are places where brickbats are polished and diamonds are dimmed. That is not entirely true, of course. The college is not to be sneered at, even by this great master of eloquence. By all means get a college training if you can. But if you have to choose between having your energies tamed, your enthusiasms quenched, and your self-confidence honeycombed with doubt on the one hand, and a college education on the other hand, turn from the latter as you would from an attractive but destroying drug. When a man loses his enthusiasm he has begun to die in soul.

I say this word to parents and to all people of mature years: If you have a friend, never let him lose his enthusiasm, even though they make him appear bizarre, extravagant, and grotesque. Enthusiasms are the fires that drive the engine of life; put them out and your engine may be there, a perfect machine, but motionless and without use—a thing of potential might, but after all no more than assembled scrap iron. I find that enthusiasms are the children of our faiths. Lincoln never lost his because he never lost his faith in things. He believed in things, and they were all big things. And he believed in them enough to work for what he believed in. That is one reason why he rose high above being a mere politician.

I once attended a national convention where a new propaganda of sound economic reform was proposed—a programme that has now become accepted national dogma. Yet when it was proposed it was, of course, not popular. Nine-tenths of the convention were mere politicians, there only for the purpose of nominating this man or for defeating that one, of fixing up a platform that would catch as many groups of voters as possible. Nobody except the little company of enthusiasts for the new set of principles believed in anything at all. The nominating speeches were tame, fireless—mere forms of words; they might as well have been spoken by phonographs. The accepted platform of the hour aroused not even the listening interest of the delegates who voted for it. Not one out of ten of them knew what it contained. But the other men did know what their proposed platform was. They believed in it; they fought for it; their speakers spoke with words that burned even through the icy indifference of the men who unintelligently voted them down. They had Lincoln's faith, and, therefore, Lincoln's enthusiasm.

Toiled with His Hands.

But we are now speaking of the larger things of life; let us get down to the more immediate and practical. Lincoln worked—toiled, I mean, toiled physically, toiled with his hands. He did not do this because he had to. He was a poor boy, of course, had hardly enough to eat, indeed, and not enough to wear, but the whip of poverty never yet drove an unwilling young man to industry. Lincoln's father, for example, was poorer than he was, and yet he was shiftless, and what we would now call lazy. His neighbors called him "a ne'er do weel." There was many another boy and young man placed precisely as Lincoln was who preferred to go fishing rather than systematically to labor, earning honest money as an instrument of increasing power; young men who preferred to go out and hunt wild turkeys rather than split rails or build flatboat or grub stumps. So by the impulse of industry within his blood Lincoln chose to work—work persistently and systematically. He never would have been President of the American republic if he had not done so; or, what is far nobler, the greatest humanist, excepting only Jesus, that the world has ever seen.

I have observed this curious thing—that sheer physical industry builds character quite as surely as it builds muscles. I have seen that the boy who works, develops not only physical power, but those glorious virtues of gratitude, fidelity, truthfulness, and courage—not always, of course, but generally. So Lincoln's example in this regard means this to you, young man: That when you work until your tendons almost break and your bones are weary you are not only earning your wage and all that, but what is far more important, you are quite unconsciously to yourself building up and strengthening those fibers of character which will be the determining things when in a few years you meet the world and challenge it, not only for a livelihood, but for place and power.

And right here let me say that when you do meet the world you will have to be just as strong as you can make yourself in every way if you survive the struggle with it. It is too bad, and I do not like it a bit. But the scientific truth is that the world has no more use for weaklings among human beings than the jungle has for weaklings among animals. Business, and politics, and literature, and art are all looking for the strongest and best equipped—and they will have them, too. No "pull" can haul you to the higher places and keep you there—never forget that an instant.

Things to Remember.

Remember that there are hundreds of thousands of other young men who mean to have the very place of which you are dreaming. Remember that tens of thousands of these young men have physical constitutions as strong as oxen; that their muscles are like steel wire; that their lungs are like leather bellows; their stomachs unconscious of indigestion and quite able to convert parched corn into brain and brawn. Remember that their nerves are like insulated wires, able to withstand any shock; that in stress of necessity they can go for days and nights without sleep. Remember that their wills are as determined and undeviating as the flow of ocean currents; that their minds are trained and resourceful. And finally remember, above all, that unaided triumph over years of numberless difficulties and obstacles has made them resourceful and instant in device.

How can you expect to win in contest with this great horde of physical and mental hardihood unless you are similarly trained and equipped? And I don't know how you can better be trained and equipped than by vividly studying Lincoln's life and methods and following them—I mean studying, actual studying, that will make your head whirl; not a languid and comfortable reading of some incidents of this great man's years of preparation for the lofty duties which fate finally called upon him to discharge. You will find that Lincoln worked—worked all the time; that he contrived to make every step he took upward on the ladder manufacture him more than enough strength to take the next step upward.

Don't get the idea that his was a plan of glum and sullen work. He found infinite zest in it. Laughter and fun wove threads of color through the solid and

I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is greater, perhaps, than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same divine aid which sustained him.—Farewell address to his neighbors, February 11, 1861.

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